

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

FOR SENATOR. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT.

Why not make Mr. William K. Vanderbilt the junior Senator from New York? The Journal urges this selection upon Mr. Platt. Of course it is useless to offer any suggestions to the Legislature in the premises. The Legislature will do as it bids. Mr. Platt's will is mandatory. And Mr. Platt, it is announced, has determined to confer the honor of the Senatorship upon Mr. Chauncey Depew, who is to Mr. Vanderbilt what the Legislature is to Mr. Platt.

It would no doubt be in some ways more satisfactory to the senior Senator to have as his associate in the august body of which he is an ornament the agent of Mr. Vanderbilt rather than Mr. Vanderbilt himself. The great wealth of the latter might create a shadow such as could not be cast by either the intellectual or moral bulk of Mr. Depew. But the people would prefer to have the master instead of the man to help make laws for them. There would be a more direct responsibility—a larger target at which to fire the unavailing bullets of complaint and protest and condemnation.

However, if Mr. Platt, contemptuous of the wishes of the people over whom he rules, insists upon his own choice, let us hope that he will at least vouchsafe some explanation of why he picks out Chauncey Depew from among all the citizens of New York to sit in the Senate.

It is obvious that were the office dependent upon a popular vote Mr. Depew would never be thought of. What is he, and what has he ever achieved to entitle him to so conspicuous a distinction?

Mr. Depew is a clever man, certainly. In his way he has done very well for himself, but that way can hardly be considered lofty. He has risen in high life below stairs until he has come to be to the Vanderbilts what a favorite butler is to my lord in the aristocratic mother country. It is only as a parasite that Mr. Depew is a success. He is the foremost example in the nation of the modern equivalent of the medieval retainer, a character which is destined to become commoner and commoner as trusts increase and great fortunes accumulate. That men of ability should thus sacrifice independence, careers, with their vicissitudes, for the security of well-fed subordination, is less surprising than lamentable. But surely persons of a type so far removed from the sturdy American ideal of self-reliant manhood ought not to be called to places of public responsibility and honor. Otherwise the liveried breed will be encouraged to multiply.

The Journal feels only the kindest of sentiments toward Mr. Depew. In the exercise of his gifts as a post-prandial orator and a story teller, and in the practice of the arts which gain popularity, he has done much through many years to lighten the life of this community. Nevertheless we consider it unfortunate for him, the State and the country that Mr. Platt has determined to lift him out of his proper station in the service of the Vanderbilt family. In that station he is a most worthy man, a respectable and useful man, but his master and not himself should be given a seat in the National Legislature if the noise of Vanderplatt must have a representative there. The Senate has been cheapened greatly already; it should not be cheapened further by making of it a sort of servants' gallery for the convenience of the moneyed nobility.

Hence the Journal urges upon Mr. Platt, who owns the Legislature, the propriety of leaving Mr. Depew at his knifeboard and calling Mr. Vanderbilt from the drawing room instead to accept New York's second seat in the United States Senate.

THE MOCK WAR AT PARIS.

The tremendous battles being waged at Paris between the Administration and Spain would be more exciting if only the public could be convinced that they are real. The question of why there should be any battles at all persistently occurs to the same mind. Therefore Mr. McKinley finds it a difficult undertaking to put the American people into such a state of preparation as shall cause them to hail as a splendid victory the news that Spain has at last consented to accept \$20,000,000 for the Philippines and join their patriotic cheers to those of the rejoicing bondholders.

There is plenty of common sense in this over-taxed land, and that common sense declines to see why we should pay a fine to Spain for Dewey's immortal achievement at Manila. It declines to see why we should buy from Spain a sovereignty of which she already has been deprived by our sailors and soldiers and the gallant Filipinos.

So when Mr. McKinley's prearranged victory has been won and the contract to pay Spain \$20,000,000 has been signed, the American people will be much more likely to denounce a job than to acclaim a triumph.

BABBLE OF SOCIETY.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S INTERESTING GOSSIP.

WHEN it comes to deeds of benevolence which call for great commendation, one seldom hears used the name of Elbridge T. Gerry, who really is a philanthropist on a grand scale, but who does not advertise his good works. It was he, as the Journal originally stated, who sent little Hoffman to study abroad and who paid all his expenses.

But I have never read a line yet about his charity work at Montauk, or about his yacht arriving there one Summer day with \$15,000 worth of supplies purchased by him for the sick and suffering soldiers.

One should always give credit to whom credit is due. Now and then the ex-commodore may become arbitrary, and his Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children may provoke a hardship, but it is only in these instances that he comes before the public. His many kindnesses are unpublicized, and one only hears of them in the most accidental manner.

I do not know of any other millionaire, with the exception of Miss Gould, who did so much quiet, useful, unostentatious charity as Mr. Gerry at Montauk. There were other yachts there, and one read a great deal about them. But the contributions of provisions on them were the result of contributions of individuals, although in many cases only a few received the credit.

John Jacob Astor has grown bucolic, and the ladies of Rhinebeck are in high glee. He spoke at the recently formed Village Improvement Society about the planting of trees on village and country roads, and his eloquence was such that the audience applauded him to the echo.

In fact, Colonel Astor since his return from Cuba has led the very quietest of lives and avoids the city as if it were a pest hole. He shows but little disposition to come down even for Christmas, and he may possibly pass the entire year at Rhinebeck.

Whether Mrs. Astor will consent to remain in the country is quite another question. So far one has seen so little of her late year that it would seem as if she were thousands of miles away.

A first night at the opera would be nothing without Mrs. John Jacob Astor, and her entrance is awaited with breathless interest. She is certainly the star of that social show, and she has by her absence from the Horse Show thrown a blight over the spectacle of entertainment.

It will have ceased soon to be a representative gathering of fashion, and perhaps then it will be all the better for the horses and horse lovers. As a clothes show it is doomed. But its star otherwise is in the ascendant.

The Brooks wedding, which has been postponed one week again, is to be a most

gorgeous affair. Trinity Chapel will be crowded to the doors with the exclusives, as seldom heard used the name of Elbridge T. Gerry, who really is a philanthropist on a grand scale, but who does not advertise his good works.

The froissart has been chosen in Paris, and Uncle Eugene Higgins will present the bride with a gorgeous wedding gift. In fact, the presents will be superb and many of them will consist of jewels.

The Baron and Baroness Sillars sail this Saturday from Havre, so as to be present at the function. Miss Brooks has been living very quietly at Hot Springs and at Newport and she was not seen at the Horse Show.

By the way, it looks as if Society had taken a general dip in the waters of the Virginia Spa. I heard that Mrs. Fish thought it a much overrated place and that she would never take the trip again. But then Mrs. Fish does not like the province, and only hears of it with Newport for Newport's sake. She always wants to be in the very whirl of society and excitement.

But there have been many others who have taken the full course of the baths, which lasted over two weeks, and Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Cass (widow) are yet down there, and have another four days more before their dip will be completed according to the cure.

The taking up of falconry by the Duchess of Marlborough is the revival of an interesting and graceful sport. The little Duchess never cared much for riding or going to meets or the pleasures of the hunting set generally. But dutifully she has gone to Melton Mowbray with the two dead hounds and waits at home until her lord returns from the hunt.

In the meantime she has a falcon, with a beautiful ally hood over its eyes, and when a bird flies above which she desires to obtain she unhooks the hood and lets him soar into the sky, protected, of course, from possible escape by a cord.

The sport may seem cruel, but it is not more so than the hunting of deer or fox or the shooting of quail and pheasant. It is so medieval besides, and it requires such quaint gowns which are vastly becoming.

I am not alluding to the little Duchess, who has always looked as if she had stepped out of a fifteenth century canvas, but to the generality of women who copy a medieval style.

Here is a fact which is very graceful and quite original in this age. Falcons are hard to obtain, and it is a most expensive amusement which should commend itself to many for this very quality.

I have no doubt that falconry will be practised with much enthusiasm next Summer at Newport and at Bar Harbor.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

NATIONAL EXPANSION.



If They Don't Like It They Can Leave.

THE HOLY FATHER AS HE LIVES.

The Journal presents to-day some photographs which mark an epoch in religious, scientific and artistic history. They are representations of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.—a few from an almost innumerable series taken by the American Mutoscope Company, which soon will show to the public the Holy Father in his habit as he lives—walking, driving and bestowing the Pontifical blessing on his kneeling children.

The interest in so unique a spectacle will be universal. Not Catholics alone, but all intelligent men and women, must be moved by the sight of the venerable head of the oldest of the Christian churches living and breathing before their eyes. To Catholics the message is given that the blessing offered in the pictures will go to every one who is in the spirit to receive it, as truly as if the spectator were in the presence of the Pope.

It was through Mr. W. Kennedy-Laurie Dickson that the Mutoscope Company secured from His Holiness the appearance which the photographs reproduce. It was a peculiarly gracious privilege to extend, and indicates now ready is the sovereign of the Roman Church, most ancient of human institutions, to avail himself of the latest modern scientific inventions to propagate the faith. In no other age of the world could there have been such an opportunity afforded the Pope to become a missionary. Remaining in Rome, he is yet, by a miracle of applied science, empowered to go out among all mankind, smiling upon the multitude and lifting his hand in benediction—as actual to their eyes in form, movement and gesture as though they had gone as pilgrims to the Holy City and knelt within arm's reach of his garments. The Journal feels a profound and serious pleasure in being the means of conveying to the people of the United States the earliest news of this unexpected use of the biograph. To countless pious human souls the intelligence will be of deeper moment than the news of battles and treaties, and to the public in general it will be almost as interesting as would be the announcement that Pope Leo XIII. had arrived on a visit to America. And that, in fact, is practically what, thanks to the Mutoscope Company, the news does mean.

ROOSEVELT ON ALGER.

If the following statements from the testimony of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt are true, how is it possible for the Committee of Investigation to withhold condemnation of the War Department? The railway system at Tampa was in a state of absolute congestion.

There was much unnecessary delay in securing transports. The men had poor accommodations and the rations were not fit to eat.

There was great lack of assistance for disembarking at Balquidra, the troops being compelled to lie off the coast of Cuba for five days. The uniforms of the soldiers were cheap, and even inferior to the clothing worn by the Spaniards.

The wounded, after having a leg or an arm amputated, were left lying in the mud for thirty-six hours, without medical attention or a drink of water.

Where twenty-five wagons were necessary to haul supplies, only one wagon was provided.

The surgeons fell asleep over their work, being few in number, and were out from unceasing labor.

There were not enough nurses; the supply of medicines was wholly insufficient, no tents, no blankets, no delicacies for the wounded.

Confusion, dismay, suffering everywhere. An utter lack of foresight in the commissary and medical departments.

This terrible indictment against those who planned and carried out the Santiago campaign is not an extract from a "yellow" Journal. It is the substance of the sworn testimony of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the next Governor of New York.

In a frank and fearless fashion the leader of the Rough Riders tells his story of the criminal neglect and incompetency that marked every step of the Cuban invasion under Shafter.

For further particulars Colonel Roosevelt referred the Commission to his suppressed report on file in the War Department.

By all means let us have the report.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM HOMESTEAD.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has a great deal of money, and a great deal of energy, and a great deal of self-esteem, but his poverty in humor is as conspicuous as are his riches in the respects mentioned. Had Mr. Carnegie even the root of the sense of the ridiculous in him he would have based his hostility to national expansion on any other ground than that which he has chosen.

The American workman will positively decline to accept the gentleman from Homestead as a friend of labor. He would as soon receive the Sheriff of Lattimer in that character.

Mr. Carnegie's real reason for objecting to the annexation of the Philippines is as obvious to everybody else as it is controlling with him. He is a protectionist to whom the tariff has given millions at the expense of the people. He feels as vividly scared at the thought of an open door in the protective wall as a Dutch farmer would be at discovering a leak in the dike. First a leak, then a rivulet, then a crevasse, and then the flood—the flood of commercial freedom and the end of the rich exclusive privileges of the protected manufacturer. That is what is the matter with Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

But the gentleman from Homestead being by nature a serious and self-approving person, it is his way to translate anxiety for his personal interest into patriotic concern for the public welfare. Protection having been a good thing for Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Carnegie is lost in admiration of American institutions, writes a book on "Triumph of Democracy," and goes to live in a castle in Scotland, like one of the lairds whom his ancestors served.

The spectacle of this conceited, garrulous and fussy little Scotchman, with nothing to give him importance save his wealth, dashing up to the White House and intruding upon the President to expostulate with him on a question of large national policy, on the pretence that he speaks in behalf of the imperilled wages of workmen, seems more like an invention of Mr. Hoyt, the playwright, than a fact of real life.

The President was very polite to receive Mr. Carnegie, but as, in common with all other public men, who have power over the tariff, he knew all about Mr. Carnegie, he had no right to ask his Cabinet for sympathy when later he appeared at the council board looking very tired and a little wild.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

To-day is dear to America. Thanksgiving is the distinctive annual family fete of the United States. Christmas and New Year's we celebrate in common with other peoples, but this festival is all our own. Of purely religious origin, it retains everywhere a sacred coloring, but unbelievers and the indifferent, equally with the devout, hail its coming and enter upon its enjoyments with zest.

Thanksgiving is a benefaction to the country. Its serious meaning sobers the national mind, and its wholesome influence makes for the strengthening of the home. To the millions who toil hard for a poor living it brings grateful rest, and to children it is in anticipation and realization almost as good as Christmas.

There never has been a Thanksgiving upon which the people have had more reason to glow with gratitude. Since the last one a war has been fought and won, and the nation's power and glory mightily enhanced. A more splendid future than any American dreamed of a year ago has been opened to the Republic.

But it is upon the home that Thanksgiving has its dearest claim. It is the grand day for reunions, and, Heaven having been thanked, the American who knows what is expected of him addresses himself to turkey, the fireside and intimate conversation.

To its millions of readers the Journal wishes a good Thanksgiving—plenty to eat, friends to eat it with, high spirits and kindly thought for poorer neighbors who have not been neglected in their need.

Approval of the Journal's Course.

The Cuban-American League, Headquarters, Suite 80, 115 Broadway, New York City, New York, November 15.

Mr. William R. Hearst, Editor of the New York Journal: Dear Sir—Your editorial over your own signature in this morning's paper, entitled "The Democratic National Policy," leads me to write you at once to thank you for the same. You are doing not only your party, but the country—not only this country, but the world—a great favor. You are placing mankind in their aspirations for better conditions under lasting obligations when you place at the head of your editorial page those forceful, fruitful words from the late Samuel J. Tilden, "The Democratic party will win victory when it has the courage to be Democratic."

The irrepressible conflict going on all over the world to-day is between democracy and autocracy, and you will find that it is a rule without hardly any exception that that party in every nation—whatever its name—that has the courage to be truly democratic will win. Yours to command, W. O. McDOWELL, President.

He Feeds the Poor.

Editor of the New York Journal: Allow me to thank you for upholding me in my act of kindness in feeding the poor and hungry men in front of my Bowery establishment every morning. I extend to you my heartfelt thanks for the column you gave me. Wishing the Journal success, I remain, yours, etc. GUSTAV SCHUMANN. New York, November 16.

"BATTLE OF SAN JUAN HILL." ALAN DALE DESCRIBES THE MILITARY SPECTACLE.

WHEN you come to reflect that the lean pianist, the yellow acrobat, the haughty "descriptive" vocalist and the accordion-platted soubrette at Proctor's Pleasure Palace are now reinforced by a veritable host of real soldiers and real guns, you can't help asking, "Where are we at?"

Where will the greedy domain of "crawderville" end? Where will "continuous" enterprise cease? What will be the future of the old-fashioned variety people?

The "Battle of San Juan Hill" is the name of the latest feature at the Pleasure Palace, and the exact number of hard-working men and prancing steeds employed in the presentation was circled.

This was a great mistake, because figures like managerial receipts are always taken with a salty grain. The consequence was that I heard various complaints. "The management promised 200 men. I could count only 197," and "There were two horses less than had been announced," were the tenor of the Groublers. Short-sighted managers promise \$2,000,000 productions. Theatrical managers have gone out of fashion. The best thing to do is to be non-committal, and avoid the grousers.

Certainly the new show at Proctor's makes noise enough to satisfy the most exacting dilettante. The robust crashing of firearms is a veritable continuous performance. The stage is gray with smoke; the theatre is loud with the aroma of gunpowder. The eye is filled with pictures of frantic soldiers rushing in all directions. There could be no more realistic battle scene in any theatre near Third Avenue. And it is just as well to mention that there are not experts or inclined to be in the least fastidious about details. A few who saw the real thing may tell us that Proctor's counterfeit presentation is inaccurate. But Proctor's word is just as good as theirs, and we are inclined to accept it unhesitatingly.

As long as we get a good, meaty battle we are not particular about the absolute accuracy of the scenery, the black powder, or the amount of mud on the uniforms. And the final portion—that is to say, the actual encounter—"The Battle of San Juan Hill" is undoubtedly a most vivid and nerve-crushing affair—just the sort of thing not to see when you feel a nice headache coming on.

The earlier part of the military spectacle is less engaging. The Spaniards on the brow of the hill at the outset of the curtain are tame enough to suggest what, in the language of the classics, is known as a "cliché," and the approach of the "Americans" singing a song is not particularly impressive. As soon as they have arrived they seem to be at a loss to know

what to do with themselves. They now and then wear weird looking vegetation, and wait for the denouement.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt struck me as being a very pallid and cynical person, remarkably unsmiling and unspeakably complacent, and when he self-deprecatingly told the journalist that he would end up as a "third-rate literary man," you felt you were in for a series of epigrams a la San Juan.

In fact, Colonel Roosevelt didn't look as real as he might have done had he not been labelled. I have never met the gentleman in real life, but of course I have imagined him, and I don't like the Proctor picture. Moreover, this "continuous" Colonel seemed to have nothing whatsoever to do but pace up and down, like a caged tiger, between two rows of apparently exhausted soldiers.

Perhaps the Pleasure Palace people will induce the Colonel to give them a few points about himself—that is to say, if he has any regard for himself historically. Historical vanity is quite pardonable.

The journalist in this "Battle of San Juan Hill" was almost most irritating. He reminded me of Burr Melrose's idea of a war correspondent, as a gentleman who was of far more importance than Cuba, and all its resultant questions. Mr. Proctor's war correspondent with his note book might have been a burlesque, though I don't believe that there was any idea of burlesquing him. I almost expected him to throw aside his note book, toss up his hat, and give us a song and dance.

None of the speaking roles proved to be interesting. The funny Irishman belonged to farce comedy, and General Wheeler looked as though he had been "kicked" for more lines and contemptible resigning.

The "historical military spectacle" was not presented for the sake of characters, scenery or "color." It was the excuse for a gorgeous noise—the dirge noise of conflict, the bray of horrible discord and the discharge of dreams. The battle scene was like the concentrated essence of a vehement Fourth of July, and small boys with big boys are always fascinated by that sort of thing. The fact that a veritable pall of smoke obscures the stage to such an extent that at least six supers and two horses could go quietly home without being missed is a mere detail. The noise of "The Battle of San Juan Hill" will make it popular. People with weak nerves will not patronize it, but those who go know what to expect.

No lesson is intended by this battle. Not a vestige of geographical instruction, not the slightest insight into military maneuvers can be gained. And it is better so. Stereoscopic views are now a recognized educational medium. At the "continuous" we are not looking for education.

And at San Juan Mr. Proctor seems to have taken particular pains to tell us that his intentions are a bang and a bang and a boom. Nothing more.

I can't help wishing that the final episode could be revised. The soldier's funeral is the most atrocious anti-climax. Moreover, why harrow up our feelings? We hope that we have finished with the horror and the sadness of the war. Why end "The Battle of San Juan Hill" with the symbols of death after that ecstasy of dirt and that spectacular business with the Stars and Stripes? This is merely a suggestion, made by yours obediently, who has placed himself in the temporary role of a vaudeville patron. R. A. Roberts, who has manufactured the spectacle, may possibly realize the wisdom of the suggestion.

As visitors we want to end enthusiastically. Let the funerals be left for the vanquished. I wonder what the feminine vaudevillians of the programme think of this new feature—whether they tremble in their boots at this spectacular displacement of the gentleman who chimes about mommies' baby boys and the pathetic lady who larks on Benny's vacant chair.

Imagine Joseph Hart and Carrie De Mar, the Brothers Damm, Will F. Denny, Doherty's poodles, Harlan and Yost, Valmore, the pianistic Fred Watson and the orange-clad Van Aukens all leading up to "The Battle of San Juan Hill." Yet that is precisely what they did. And I can't help asking, "Where are we at?" and wondering where Proctor will ultimately lead us.

ALAN DALE.

An Oriental View.

The Grand Vizier was sceptical. "The Christian powers," he argued, "still show their teeth, upon occasion."

"Oh, they're probably advertising somebody's dentifrice!" replied the Sultan, who had a few Chinese who, accordingly, were extremely loath to admit that European disarmament and universal peace were only chimerical dreams.—Detroit Journal.

Strange Mistake.

North Side Mother—I told you a little while ago, Jerry, who our first parents were. Let me see if you remember. Who was the first man?

Preocious Boy—Adam.

North Side Mother—That's right. Who was the first woman?

Preocious Boy—Eve.—Chicago Tribune.

Lap.

The Eskimo girl shivered. "What, sit on the ground?" she exclaimed, evincing much confusion. "Why, the very idea. And right before everybody? To be!"

All this in Lapland, where the modest maiden has obviously to be especially careful what she does, lest she get herself talked about.—Detroit Journal.

Mr. HENNESSY looked out at the rain dripping down an Arch Road and sighed. "A-ha! This is a bad spell for weather we're havin'."

"Faith, it is," said Mr. Dooley, "or else we mind it more than we did. I can't remember when day fr'm another. When I was young I never thought I'd rain or snow, cold or heat. But now th' beat stings an' th' cold wrenches me bones; an' if I go out in th' rain with less on me than a ton of rubber I'll pay dear fr' it in achin' joints, so I will. That's what old age means; an' now another year's been put on to what we had before, an' we're expected to be gay. 'Ring out th' old,' says a guy at th' Brothers' School. 'Ring out th' old, ring in th' new,' he says. 'Ring out th' false, ring in th' true,' says he. It's a pretty similitude, Hinnissy; but how ar-re we goin' to do it? Nawthin'd please me better th'n to turn me back on th' wicked an' inglorious past, rayform me life, an' live at peace with th' wurrld to th' end iv me days. But how th' divil can I do it? As th' fellows says, 'Can th' leopard change his spots,' or can't he?"

"You know Dorsey, iv course, th' cross-eyed Mayo man that come to this country about wan day in advance iv a warrant fr' sheep stealin'? Ye know what he done to me, tellin' people I was caught in me cellar poorn' wather into a bar! Well, last night says I to meself, 'thinkin' iv Dorsey, I says: 'I swear that henceforth I'll keep me temper with me fellow-men. I'll not let anger or jealousy get th' better iv me.' I says, 'I'll have off all me old fends; an' if I meet me lunny going down th' street, I'll go up an' shake him by th' hand. If I'm sure he hasn't a brick in th' other hand.' On, I was mighty complimentary to meself. I set be stove drinkin' hot vams, an' ivry wan I drunk made me more iv a pote. 'Tis the way with th' stuff. When I'm in drink I have many a fine thought; an' if I wasn't too comfortable to go an' look fr' th' ink bottle, I cud write pomes that'd make Shakespeare an' Mike Scanlan think they were wur-kin' on a dreezer. 'Why,' says I, 'carry into th' new year th' hatreds iv th' old?' I says, 'Let th' dead past bury its dead,' says I. 'Turn yer lamps up to th' blue sky,' I says. 'It was rainin' like th' divil an' th' hour was midnight; but I giv no heed to that, bein' comfortable with th' hot vams.' An' I went to th' dore, an', with Mike Duffy come by on number wan hundred an' five, ringin' th' gong iv th' bar, I hollered to him: 'Ring out th' old, ring in th' new.' 'Go back into yer stall,' he says, 'an' wring ye'reself out,' he says. 'Ye're wet through,' he says."

"When I woke up this mornin', th' potter had all disappeared, an' I begun to think th' las' hot vum I took had some-

thin' wrong with it. Besides, th' lunbaza w a dreezer in th' bar, an' I cud hardly put wan fr' before th' other. But I remembered me promises to meself, an' I went out on th' street, intinidin' to wish ivry wan a 'Happy New Year,' an' hopin' to me heart that th' first wan I wished it to'd tell me to go to th' divil, so I end hit him in th' eye. I hadn't gone half a block before I spied Dorsey across th' street. I picked up a half a brick an' put it in me pocket, an' Dorsey done th' same. This we went up to each other. 'A Happy New Year,' says I. 'Th' same to you,' says he. 'An' many of thim,' he says. 'Ye have a brick gay. 'Ring out th' old,' says I. 'I was thinkin' iv th' new year's gift,' says he. 'Th' same to you, an' many of thim,' says I. 'I was thinkin' me own annunciation. 'Tis even all around,' says he. 'It is,' says I. 'I was thinkin' las' night I'd give up me gregee again ye,' says he. 'I had th' same thought meself,' says I. 'But, since I seen yer face,' he says, 'I've concluded that I'd be more comfortable hatin' ye thin havin' ye fr' a frind,' says he. 'Ye a man iv taste,' says I. An' we backed away fr'm each other. He's a Tip, an' can throw a stone like a rifleman; an', Hinnissy, I'm somethin' in an amuseur shot with a half brick meself."

"Well, I've been thinkin' it over, an' I've arized it out that life'd not be worth livin' if we cudn't keep our finnies. I can have all th' frinds I need. Any man can that keeps a lower shore. But a rare strong lunny, specially a Mayo lunny—win that hates ye hard, an' that ye'd take th' coat off yer back to do a bad turn to—is a luxury that I can't go without in me of days. Dorsey is th' right sort. I can't go by his house without bein' in fear he'll spill th' chimbly down on me head; an', while he passes my place, he walks in th' middle iv th' street, an' crosses himself. All swear off on anything but Dorsey. He's a good man, an' I despise him. Here's long life to him, an' a happy New Year."

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Jumped at the Wrong Conclusion. The young man had asked her the momentous question.

And she had softly whispered "yes." Then she asked: "Harry, did you?"

"No, darling," he interrupted, with a beaming smile. "Never."

"I was not going to ask you if you ever cared for anybody else," she said. "I was about to ask if you fell in love with me for myself alone."

After half an hour's hard work he succeeded in plucking her.—Chicago Tribune.

Further Evidence Required. "I've always had my doubts about fish being good brain food."

"How do you know?"

"By experience. I've used it for the last ten or fifteen years myself."

"Well?"—Chicago Tribune.